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Secretary's Report
Class of 1866
Harvard College
1928

Mrs. Lilian Horsford Farlow

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

SECRETARY'S REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1866

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1928

BOSTON

Printed for the use of the Class

1928

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CLASS COMMITTEE

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON, *Class Secretary*
JOHN DAVIS WILLIAMS

The Secretary's address is 50 State Street, Boston, Mass.

THOMAS TODD CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

50 State Street,
Boston, June, 1928.

Dear Classmates:

Here is our Sixty-second Anniversary and here is your little Yearbook.

Since last Commencement we have lost from our little band Thomas Sergeant Perry. *Requiescat in pace!*

I felt sure that you would like to see a picture of our dear friend and hostess of former years, Mrs. Lilian Hosford Farlow, who died last Autumn. Abbott's picture was so good and showed such a wonderful convalescence from his illness, that I thought I should give you a chance to see it.

Please do not forget to notify me of any errors of commission or omission in this book, and any suggestions at any time I will thankfully receive.

Let me express my gratitude for all the kind things which you have said to me in your letters. All health and happiness for the coming year!

Yours affectionately,

Charles E. Stratton,
Class Secretary.

ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS

Samuel A. B. Abbott, Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy, or Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Alexander D. Dunbar, 808 Hudson Avenue, Peekskill, N. Y.

Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass.

Edward N. Fenno, 87 Milk Street, Boston.

George A. Flagg, 12 Ashburton Place, Boston, or Holliston, Mass.

Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 18th Street, Lowell, Mass.

Swithin C. Shortlidge, The Storm King School, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Moorfield Storey, 53 State Street, Boston.

Charles E. Stratton, 50 State Street, Boston.

Thomas W. Ward, 231A Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 12 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.

John D. Williams, 148 State Street, Boston, or 1180 Beacon Street, Brookline.

John V. Apthorp, 53 State Street, Boston.

J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, or Milton, Mass.

Charles Ouellet, Hebertville, Lake St. John, Quebec.

Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., 41 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

S. A. B. Abbott

RECORD OF THE CLASS

SAMUEL APPLETON BROWNE ABBOTT. Born March 6, 1846.

He writes from Paris: "Your ante-Commencement letter has just reached me. . . . I shall be with you all in spirit when you make your pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Colonel, but, alas, my body will be on the deep, for I am obliged to stay here rather late this year. . . . I fancy you want for Commencement fresh news of the members of the straggling band of pilgrims, but I haven't any. All has been very quiet this year in Rome, so far as I am concerned. Nobody has time to sample my 1866 'dew of the mountains,' and the barrel of bottles remains intact, waiting. I wonder who will enjoy them!

"You ask me to write something for your annual red book, but I haven't anything to write. I have seen no one and done nothing, but be a bad example of wasted opportunity. The sight of pen and paper seems to paralyze my faculties, whatever there may be left of them, so there must be a blank after my name this year, unless you can think of a good word to say for me."

ALEXANDER DONLEY DUNBAR. Born March 21, 1846.

He writes: "Years ago when I was active and busy, it was difficult to find time to write; now when I have ample leisure, I find little personal of general interest to write about. The past year has dealt kindly with me, and my health is fairly good. So with a generous supply of books and friends the days pass quickly and pleasantly; the evenings enlivened by music and chatter make a cheerful ending to the day.

"I expect to be present at Reunion and Commencement, there to greet our classmates; but whether present or absent, my heart and good wishes go out to Fair Harvard and her sons and especially to the men of '66."

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON. Born July 10, 1844.

He is living in Concord, but he will not be able to come to Cambridge on Commencement Day. Mrs. Emerson died March 20, 1928.

EDWARD NICOLL FENNO. Born November 4, 1845.

He writes: "It does not seem possible that a year has slipped by since our 61st reunion, but, if you say so, I shall have to believe it, for I always have the greatest confidence in your statements, however improbable.

"I hope to meet the tattered remnants of the very best class Harvard ever graduated at the usual trysting place, the Union Club, on Thursday, June 21st, at 10.15 A. M., and motor in their distinguished society to the Cambridge abode of Miss Hayes and take a small sip of the punch provided, to the health and happiness of '66. Hurrah!

"I wish I had something to write you worth telling regarding the happenings of the past twelve months in so far as they have had to do with me. Fortunately, I have been physically fairly well and mentally and morally sound, and congratulate myself with the thought that I might be much worse off. Nothing stirring or strange has happened to me. I still spend six months in Falmouth, and six months in Boston, but have given up any more extended travels, therefore have nothing of especial interest to write you about. If I were forty years younger I might take up aviation, but, all things considered, it certainly seems best to trust to the automobile in which I take a daily ride. Unluckily my increasing lameness prevents my walking except for very short distances, consequently the automobile is most useful.

"Looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you and all the other boys of '66 who may turn up on Commencement Day, I am, as ever."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FLAGG. Born May 2, 1845.

The secretary has not been so fortunate as to get any word from him.

*THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY was born in Newport, R. I., January 23rd, 1845. He was the son of Christopher Grant Perry, a son of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, and Frances (Sergeant) Perry, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Sergeant of Philadelphia, the latter a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

Very soon after graduating he went to Europe, and remained

there until August, 1868, traveling and studying languages. On his return he was appointed tutor of the French and German languages in Harvard College, and held this position until his resignation in 1872, at the close of the collegiate year. He then moved from Cambridge to Boston, where he lived the rest of his life, engaged in literary pursuits. He edited the *North American Review* from January, 1873, to January, 1874. He was appointed instructor in English at Harvard, September 1, 1877, and held this position for four years. In 1881-82 he was University Lecturer in Harvard College. He made several visits to Europe, some of considerable length. In April, 1898, he went to Japan where he held for four years the professorship of English Literature at Keiogijuku University, Toyko, having earlier refused a similar position in the University of Japan. In Japan, as a nephew of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, he received a distinguished welcome.

The *Japan Times* of July 24, 1898, gave an account of a "Welcome Garden Party to Professor Perry." An address of welcome was given by Marquis Hachisuka, who said, among other things, that they were all filled with a peculiar, irrepressible feeling of joy, a feeling which they had never before experienced in welcoming visitors, because none of them bore a name of such historical significance as our classmate's; that the word "Perry" was "a precious Key that flew (*sic*) open the secret seal which had so long kept Japan in an impenetrable hermitage." Professor Perry made a very happy response. The speaking was followed by "musical and other performances, comprising sword dancing, elaborately devised fireworks, and other enjoyable items." A great many distinguished Japanese were present at the function.

He returned from Japan in July, 1901. Thereafter, with the exception of a stay in Europe, mostly in Paris, 1905-09, he lived at his home in Boston in winter, and his home in Hancock, New Hampshire, in summer. When in town he was a daily visitor and ceaseless worker in the Boston Public Library. The list of books that he wrote is a long one. Here are some of them:

"Virgin Soil," translated from the French version of Turgenieff, 1877.
"Life and Letters of Francis Lieber," also translated into German, 1881.
"Eighteenth Century Literature," published in 1883.

"From Opitz to Lessing," 1884.
"History of Greek Literature," 1888.
"The Evolution of the Snob," 1888.
Six Volumes from the French of Baron Imbert de Saint Amand:
"The Court of the Empress Josephine."
"The Happy Days of the Empress Josephine."
"Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Regime."
"Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire."
"Marie Louise and the Invasion of 1814."
"The Wife of the First Consul."

Another translation from French is "The Princess of Cleves," 1892. The list of books he read is beyond enumeration. The late John Addington Symonds wrote to Edmund Gosse:

> "When you go to Boston, you will see Perry, one of the most bright-souled students of literature, the biggest *heluo librorum* in America. Salute him for me."

He was a devotee of lawn tennis and played it enthusiastically when he was eighty years old.

He died at Boston May 7, 1928.

Those of us who were so fortunate as to know him well loved him. There were no bounds to the charm of his conversation and his personality, to the originality of his wit and humor, nor to the warmth of his friendship. It seems too sad to realize that we shall not see him more on this earth.

April 9, 1874, at Boston, he was married to Lilla Cabot, distinguished as a painter and as a poet, daughter of Samuel Cabot, M.D., and Hannah Jackson Cabot. Mrs. Perry survives her husband, as do their three daughters, Margaret LaFarge Perry, Edith (Perry) Ballantine, and Alice, wife of Joseph C. Grew, and also the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Grew.

Professor Phelps, of Yale, wrote the following notice of our classmate to the *Boston Herald:*

"The Late T. S. Perry

"*To the Editor of the Herald:*

"The recent death of Thomas Sergeant Perry of Boston removed one of the best of American scholars; one of the most genuinely learned men of our time. When I was a young man, I read his book, 'English Literature of the Eighteenth Century'; it not only contained a vast amount of first-hand information,

the results of painstaking and scrupulously accurate research, but there was a vitality in the work that to me was an inspiration. He published other books, illustrating his studies in Greek, German and French literature as well as in English. He was a valuable and generous friend to a large number of students, supplying them with facts from his ever-increasing stores of erudition. He was a man of really extraordinary intellectual integrity; he could not be deceived. His standards were high. His curiosity in foreign literature was so great that after he was 70 years old, he learned Russian, and read it constantly all the rest of his life. In an age when letter writing has become almost a lost art, his letters were full of wit and charm. I had the honor and the immense privilege of his intimate friendship for nearly 40 years. I had the highest respect for his mind and character, and the warmest affection for his sincere and beautiful character. He combined an austerity of mind with the most simple and lovable nature.

"Wm. Lyon Phelps.

"New Haven, May 15."

THOMAS PIERPONT SHAW. Born September 27, 1843.

He writes: "'Till Commencement!' I fear, alas, that I cannot be with you at this or any future Commencement.

"Nothing of note has happened to me during the past year, unless it is the receipt of a so-called Veteran's Medal awarded by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to members of the Masonic Fraternity for at least fifty years. The one other Harvard graduate living in Lowell besides myself who receives this medal was Tucke of Sixty-two. His death, since that time, leaves me the oldest living graduate in this city.

"With affectionate remembrances to you and all members of the Class."

SWITHIN CHANDLER SHORTLIDGE. Born June 8, 1840.

Our Maximus Senectute writes: "About a year ago I sent you a report of my doings during the preceding twelve months which you published in your unique little class annual. You complimented myself and my little granddaughter, Mary Jane, by publishing our photographs, which were submitted to the

inspection of the Camp Marienfeld masters, among whom are representatives of every leading college in the country. These college men spoke in the highest terms of your little annual, which they regarded as a great feature in the life of a college class of graduates.

"After writing you a year ago, I spent a most interesting period during June, July, August and September at the family residence on Derby Hill, Derby Hill being a part of Camp Marienfeld, Chesham, New Hampshire, located about twelve miles from Keene, New Hampshire. During the summer my main mental occupation was assorting and arranging in chronological order my accumulation of my family genealogical material. In this work I had a most efficient helper in one of the attachés of Camp Marienfeld who had spent nine summers in the Camp. I was very fortunate in finding every link in a number of chains taking my ancestors back to Wiltshire, Lancashire, Bedfordshire, Yorkshire and Derbyshire in England as early as 1674, 1700, 1686, and 1692. I also extended my line back to the same dates in Wales and also among the Quakers of Ireland, who had left England during the troubles of the time of Cromwell, Charles II and James II. Hence you will see that I have reason to be highly gratified with the genealogical work accomplished last summer at Camp Marienfeld. The last of September I came to Storm King, Cornwall, New York, where I joined the family of my son, Mr. Raphael Johnson Shortlidge, an A.B. of Haverford and an A.M. of Harvard, who had just assumed the Headmastership of the Storm King School here which he had accepted in June, 1927. Here with my son Raphael, and with his wife, my daughter Helen Houghton Shortlidge, a Smith College graduate, and with their four children, George Houghton Shortlidge, eleven years of age; Anne Shortlidge, about ten; Peggy Shortlidge, something more than eight; and Mary Jane Shortlidge, approaching her third birthday on June twenty-second, I have spent a very comfortable year residing in the family residence. Here my health has been extraordinarily good for a man who is just approaching his eighty-eighth birthday. Indeed, I may boast that during the past thirty-eight months the family doctor has called upon me only twice.

"As you well know, my eyesight failed me for the purposes

of reading or writing more than a year ago, but I am happy to believe that my eyes have suffered no deterioration whatever during the past twelve months. Although I cannot read a line of a newspaper, my eyesight enables me to get about the house from room to room on any story and outside on the porch and on the adjacent yard without difficulty. Here my mental engagements have included a continuation of my genealogical records, and I have fortunately been kept advised of what is going on in the world through hearing the newspaper read, and especially through the medium of an excellent radio, connected with which I have a splendid speaker in my own room. It may not be out of place for me to say that I keep in close touch with the political events which at this time are exciting so much interest. Going back to our college days, I may say that my first vote was cast for President Lincoln in 1864, when the Harvard students were permitted to vote at Cambridge instead of being required to go to their own states to vote. I have never wavered in my allegiance to the party of Lincoln, and here I am led to recall an incident occurring during my college days. Our classmate, Eaton S. Drone of Zanesville, Ohio, and myself sat in a Boston theater and listened to a performance by Edwin Booth on the night that his mad brother assassinated President Lincoln. The performance was not interrupted, and Edwin Booth was not informed of what had taken place in Washington until after the theater had closed. The next morning Drone and myself hurried to Boston and attended the thrilling meeting in Tremont Temple. I recall that the whole population appeared to be dazed and bewildered at the awful catastrophe, and that they seemed like the population of a city toppling over their heads as the result of an earthquake. This state of mind continued for a time until the people settled down to the conviction that there was to be no further conflict through a resumption of the Civil War. There are a good many exaggerated forebodings at this time in our political history, but looking over our political experiences of sixty years, I am satisfied that the American people in next November will decide all the conflicting questions with the true American spirit as embodied in our national constitution, which must be upheld at all hazards."

MOORFIELD STOREY. Born March 19, 1845.

He writes: "I hope we can still make a substantial representation to the gathering of the Alumni on Commencement Day, June 21st. We cannot disguise the fact that we are older and not so full of life as we were years ago when we first assembled and assumed the obligations of the Class of 1866, but I think we can on the whole feel that we have carried the load which we then undertook with credit to the College. I have been impressed with the responsibilities of age more than anything else, and you and I together have carried our burden, jointly to a certain extent, with great satisfaction. I wish it were possible for me to attend our meeting this year, but I have not been well since the 1st of January, and while I think I am getting better, I cannot be sure of it. The years since we met first have been very pleasant, and I think we owe to Harvard a great deal of not only learning but of charming recollection. Let's hope that for what remains we shall be spared to enjoy the pleasure."

Howard University gave to Storey on June 8th the degree of LL.D., *in absentia,* which is very unusual.

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON. Born November 17, 1846.

The Secretary has very little to add to his introductory letter. He is glad that he can say "in the touching words of the immortal Webster," to quote the old Cape Cod story, "I ain't dead yet."

Changes are not agreeable, as a rule, in the late Autumn or early Winter of life. He has been obliged to move his offices from 70 State Street, where he has sojourned for the last twenty-two years, to 50 State Street. From this change he is convalescing slowly, but he hopes surely. He expects to be able to greet you, and travel with you to Cambridge on Commencement Day.

THOMAS WREN WARD. Born October 8, 1844.

He writes: "Thanks for your challenge to appear at Commencement, June 21st, and its challenge to 'line' up for your booklet.

"My chief events are browsing among books, such as Will Irwin's 'Hoover,' which reads like an epic, and Stirling Taylor's

'Cromwell,' which is an entirely new view, in great contrast to Carlyle's view. 'The Training of an American' gives an excellent account of the early life of W. H. Page, and is most interesting, in view of Wilson's subsequent Cabinet, in the fact that Wilson, Page, Houston and Josephus Daniels, all Southerners, had already met each other in their early days. 'The Rise of the House of Rothschild' is also interesting as a bit of International History down to 1830.

"It will be pleasant to meet each other again Commencement. Until then,

Yours affectionately."

LEONARD WHEELER. Born August 31, 1845.

He writes: "This year I am going to save you the trouble of sending me a second notice, although I have nothing in particular to say. I had almost succeeded in sawing my cord of wood when the influenza held me up. The eyes are yet more dim, so I probably shall not venture to join the enterprising little band at the Union Club. Please express to them my sincere regret. My next to youngest family of '66 is all well, the youngest graduating this year, and the oldest, a Doctor, not yet settled down to earn his own living."

JOHN DAVIS WILLIAMS. Born May 17, 1845.

He writes: "I am sorry that I have nothing of interest to the Class to report. Life goes along quietly,

" 'To-morrow wonderful like to-day,
Brother and Brother.' "

CLASSMATES NOT GRADUATED WITH US

JAMES MURRAY FORBES. Born July 17, 1845.

He writes: "I think that I wrote you in a recent report that I agreed with Walt Whitman, who said he had found that old age was not what it was cracked up to be. Early last November I was keeled over. The Doctor thought it was laryngitis, but it proved to be whooping-cough. The spasms were so severe that I did not go to bed for 24 nights, but sat with a nurse on one side and a man attendant on the other, and I became unconscious more than 30 times. I was left very weak from my legs to my head, both inclusive, and I am still in the hands of a trained nurse. But I am planning to go to Islesboro as usual before the end of the month and to get on my boat once more.

"This placard was placed on my front door by the Board of Health: 'Whooping-Cough. The patient must not attend school for three weeks.' I was about 82½ years of age then and had never been anxious to go to school. My affectionate greetings to you . . . and to one and all who remain of our little band."

JOSEPH HENRY WILLARD. Born February 28, 1843.

He writes: "I kept hoping that I might have the privilege of joining The '66 for Commencement, and have wanted day by day to write, but it is decreed by the family that I must not risk even so short a trip. Of course I am not sick, but I am under suspicion and I have to confess that the Machine has grown rusty and the batteries need recharging. I am sorry that I cannot be with you. With love to all,

Ever yours truly,

Next Year I hope!"